



BERNARD SACHS  
1858-1944

## IN MEMORIAM

BERNARD SACHS

**W**e come here, all of us, with love and reverence to take leave and bid God-speed to a dear friend. You have known him, so I can add little to what you know. You have been familiar, for perhaps scores of years, with his erect sturdy form, with his quick step, instinct with drive and purpose.

His light shone before men, and always to lead them and make easier their footsteps; and it shone the world over, wherever doctors met and talked together.

He radiated an old Roman Virtus—as I once said, one could not stand with him for ten minutes in shelter from a shower and not perceive in him an uncompromising honesty and a forceful goodness.

His rare hesitations in speech or action came only from his fear that he might wound in inadvertence. A gentleman is said to be one who never hurts anyone unintentionally, and Barney Sachs could and did fight doughtily for his idea of the right against wrong-thinking and wrong-doing, but never, in most of a life-time did I know of his being careless to a friend or colleague—indeed often he suffered some foolish ones overlong.

His friends knew his wisdom and his honour; many bequeathed to him burdens and great charges to be furthered when they themselves had left the scene of their endeavors, and we know the scruple and keen effort he used to make the aims of those good friends live on among men.

No honour was missing: to that within himself were added all those that could be given to one of our Profession; he was twice President of the American Neurological Association, President of the Academy of Medicine, and as President of the International Neurological Con-

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gress, he made American Medicine refulgent in Europe. To all these, and to duties to his City, and to his pursuit of literature, he brought distinction of conduct and of word: but also, to each task he brought an immense energy which sprang, I know, from a great and unfailing love for his fellow man—a love which, with his skill, cured and assuaged the sick, and comforted the afflicted.

He loved, he toiled, he served, he *led*,  
“Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

FOSTER KENNEDY